

The Epaulet

December 1949



Song of Christmas

By

ANN C. WARD

It's in the very air we breathe . . . it's in the expressions of the faces around us . . . it's in the hearts of everyone we meet; the spirit of Christmas. Once again the Yule season, with its spirit of anticipation, its eagerness and good will, has enveloped our thoughts, and we are responding in the traditional vein of gaiety. Frivolous plans for parties and dances, for get-togethers and all sorts of gala social occasions, have become our themesong. We have begun to count the days till Christmas. All the material symbolizations of this most sacred holiday seem to take precedent with us over the true meaning behind this celebration. The religious keynote seems to be missing. Maybe it is there and we are simply neglecting to show it, or maybe we have really missed, or overlooked, the most fundamental part of Christmas. Certainly, we have enough enthusiasm, but maybe our enthusiasm is following the wrong channels. Maybe, we are devoting too much of our attention to the material aspect of Christmas, and thus, behaving selfishly about something, the very essence of which, is un-selfishness.

In only a short time we will be leaving Mary Washington and heading for our respective homes, where we will incorporate all the traditional festivities of this season that our time allows. Let's have all the fun possible, but let's remember that Christmas is, first and foremost, an opportunity to worship God and to let our love for our fellowman deepen and grow.

The staff and the editor of the Epaulet wish you all a very, merry Christmas and a happy New Year!

The EPAULET

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*Not Words, but Thoughts and the Manner of
Expressing Them Make Literature*

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Survey of a Saloon

By

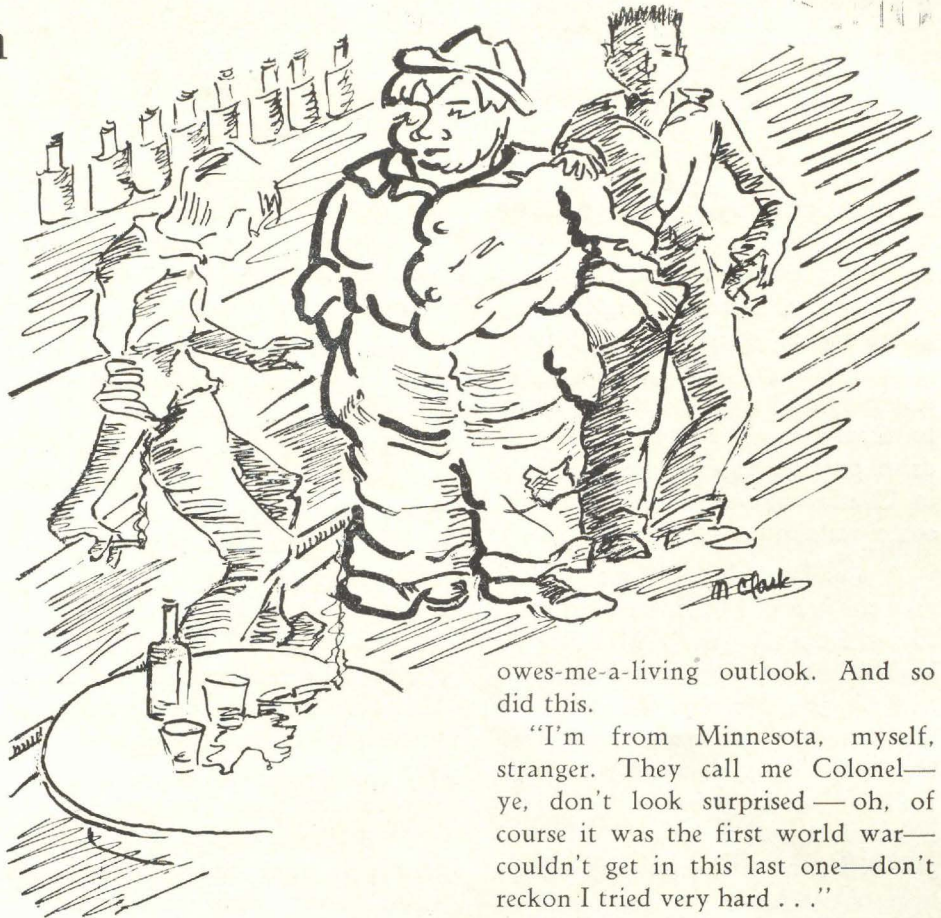
MARTHA SMITH

I was sitting on the dock one late afternoon waiting for the opium fog to lift so that I could get aboard my sailboat and make a safe journey home by dark. I could hear the constant slapping of the water against the banks and the long low groans of the horns which guided the seamen during just such weather as this. The sounds were melancholy and sad, and my emotions seemed to drift into the same road as if through sympathy.

I had thought at first my wait would be only half an hour or so, but as the night enveloped I realized it might be morning before my journey would be possible. So I started off in the direction of a small tavern I had spotted earlier in the afternoon which was conveniently located around the corner. I found it immediately by following the noise of uncouth laughter and brassy music.

It felt good to be in out of the dampness, but the smoke-filled room and boisterous shouts of drunks from the bar annoyed me. I slipped into a booth, motioned for a bottle of beer and settled back to mentally examine my surroundings. It was a dingy joint with risque signs for wall paper. Many had been carved directly into the wood by customers who evidently considered themselves pretty talented.

Among the some twenty men, there were three who were being particularly conspicuous. They were joking with the bartender and slapping each other with a contagious laugh, a hiccough, and an intensified burp at intervals. Two of them were shockingly thin—the other was—and I use the word not loosely—shockingly fat. The latter's hair was almost white and covered his face in a towseled, rag doll effect. His tattered clothes were patched with red calico and his black felt hat remained on his head, though his knitted jac-



ket had been shed at the door.

My beer arrived, I drank it and ordered another. The men seemed to be having some sort of argument—I strained my ears and was embarrassed when the fat man turned my way and started toward the booth with a sauntering shuffle.

"And you, maybe you would like to help an old man out . . . just half a dollar for the beer I drank . . . you wouldn't let an old man down, would you, son?"

I don't know whether it was pity, the stuffy room or what—but yes, I paid the bill. I couldn't help but notice the expression of gratitude in his pale eyes. It wasn't the generosity I had displayed; I analysed that much. Maybe it was just a look he had perfected to cast on his endowers as a reward.

He wanted to talk—that much was evident; he had to draw up a chair, though, because the booth was too small for his harem of stomachs. A thick tongue is always inducive to talk but usually develops into the life history variety and the-world-

owes-me-a-living outlook. And so did this.

"I'm from Minnesota, myself, stranger. They call me Colonel—ye, don't look surprised—oh, of course it was the first world war—couldn't get in this last one—don't reckon I tried very hard . . ."

I looked at his hands and surmised he was, or had been, a mechanic. Probably lately he hadn't done much but loaf and drink beer—when he could find a sucker to foot the bill.

The bartender yelled over to me in an informative tone—"Don't let that Colonel fool ye, young feller—he's jest as batty as they come."

The fat man's eyes watered a little but his tone didn't waver—"That's the trouble with the world today, they don't take time to understand you . . . always in a hurry, aworrin' over their money or themselves. Now when I was a boy, things was different. Folks wud have respect fer you if you was kind and honest. But now you get thrown from lamppost to bench unless you've got the *money*. Why, when I was ten I had a friend named Healy—him and me was bosom pals. We played hookey from school together—ran away from home together . . . and I even saved him from drowning one time.

"But now—would you believe it, after all I done for him, he won't
(Continued on page 11)

ONE OF MANY or: *A Weekend at the University of Virginia*

By

LOIS BELLAMY

The occasion? A party weekend at the University, and Miss Mary Washington makes her plans. After answering positively the longed for invitation, the question of transportation arises. There's the bus leaving around six a.m., but it requires great stamina (and a class cut) to resort to that! So perhaps her date will drive over in order to insure being in Charlottesville in ample time to secure seats in the stadium.

Attired in a suit and flat heel shoes (for she knows it's necessary to walk to and from the game), Miss M. W. begins the sixty eight mile journey—and oh yes, her date did offer to make the trip—after a hint or two! Over the hills and around those curves, and at last the bridge across which lies Charlottesville—and gaiety! Let us pause here to give cognizance to the fact that week ends at the University consist, primarily, of a mass of people having one thing in common—the continual pursuit of the bottom of the Mason jars! But where are the two we saw approaching?

In spite of their attempt to arrive early for the game, there was some delay. Lunch at the frat house led to chatter. So-o; sitting on the ten yard line gives one a chance to see clearly the touchdowns (when made at that end of the field)! The crowd cheers and the game begins. There's a long kick off, directed to the *other* end of the field. After a few first downs secured by long runs and passes, the team has the ball right on the ten yard line. At this moment a piercing voice announces; "These balloons cost one more quarter!" Immediately the individuals seated on the bench in the front purchase these fabulous balloons! Being about five feet in length, and nearly equal in circumference, is it necessary to say that being seated behind an entire row of them is like sitting in back

of massive Egyptian columns? Oh! What's the crowd yelling for—it must be a touchdown! No, "Seal" has arrived! "Yes sir, I'll call the peanut man for you."

Saturday night finds laughter, music, and the clinking of glasses filling Madison Lane and Rugby Road. Don't let this imply that there are no parties elsewhere, however—every spot in the vicinity bubbles with merriment! Many gay greetings are exchanged, and indulgence in chatter concerning "since I saw you last" takes up the most part of the evening, as the rounds are made. Miss M. W. agrees whole heartedly when Mr. V. suggests returning to home base, meaning his own fraternity house. Here they find music, furnished by a combo, which might be seen if those hundreds of people would stand aside! Precedence is given to jazz numbers and the floor vibrates with rhythmic beats. Enough of that and they turn to one of the many conversational groups standing nearby. In order to hear and be heard, this small group descends to the basement where others have already taken refuge. High heels are discarded and a general air of relaxation prevails. In the midst of the smoke and dim lights, others can be seen entering. The spasmodic talk gradually dissolves as time slips by and couples leave.

Miss M. W. awakes at eleven, stretching as she cherishes thoughts of having slept past the customary eight o'clock. Suddenly she jumps from bed and asks frantically; "Has my date called?" . . . "He'll be here in fifteen minutes!" So, with great haste, she manages to be ready—five minutes late! After dinner at the cafeteria, the comics are read at the frat house—and, of course, the sports section where Saturday's victory is recorded! After a visit to Monticello and a drive up a small mountain in

proximity, the realization of the passing moments is grasped. Suitcases are picked up hurriedly and, in the midst of the confusion at the bus station, there is the last expression of how wonderful the week end has been, and promises to write are voiced. 'Tis 5:50 and hands wave. Miss M. W. relaxes and smiles nostalgically as she anticipates another week end at *the University*.

Could be!

A lecture is that process whereby ideas pass from the notebook of the instructor to the notebook of the student without affecting the mind of either.

—"The Syracusan"

"And to think I mortgaged the house to send my boy to college. All he does is go out with the girls, drink, and smoke."

"Do you regret it, then?"

"I certainly do. I should have gone myself!"

—"Showme"



chance
Write me when you have a ~~dance~~.

"... And the Weary World Rejoices"

By

ANN C. WARD

The weather forecast had said that snow would fall, and, true to the prediction, already the first, white flurries were descending from the grey clouds down on the little town of Hilton, as it hurriedly made its last minute preparations for Christmas Day. The stores that lined Main Street flashed the traditional red and green, and Santa Claus reigned supreme from his throne in toyland. The Salvation Army, with its booths on the corners, sang Christmas carols, as they anticipated the charity of the Christmas Spirit that dwelled in each passer-by. At the end of Main Street, and in view of all, stood the community Christmas Tree, so ablaze with lights that Toby, as he paused to stare at it from a definite vantage point on his corner at Maple Street, was unable to count them all. Even as he gazed at the epitome of Christmas, symbolized in the huge tree, his eyes blurred. The cold winds raged and howled around the corner and the newspaper stand that was his refuge, did not offer enough shelter to keep him warm.

Toby's regular customers, the business people of Hilton had taken a half day holiday, but he remained at his post till quite late to offer his newspapers to the last minute shoppers, who hurried by him, intent on their own purposes, and with only an occasional glance or a hasty, holiday greeting for little Toby.

At last, he decided to call it a day, and, after counting the not-too large amount of change that he had deposited in his money bag, he closed shop, and turned his thoughts and feet in the direction of home. The gayness and hilarity that surrounded him escaped his notice, and his mind dwelt only on the meager and pitiful Christmas that awaited his mother and him. All the scimping and saving he had been able to manage during the year had terminated in such a small sum that all they would be able to manage was a Christmas din-

ner. Presents for his sickly mother were definitely out of the question. The inadequate pension left his mother by his father could barely pay for the food and the doctor's bills. What little he earned went for the few clothes they had, and the other inevitable incidentals that had cropped up here and there.

As Toby neared home, his pace slackened and the dread of facing the smiling, always brave expression on his mother's face, gave him a bitter,

When an Englishman is told a joke, he laughs three times; first, to be polite; second, when the joke is explained; and third, when he catches on.

When a German is told a joke, he laughs twice; first, to be polite, and second, when the joke is explained. (He doesn't catch on.)

When a Frenchman is told a joke, he laughs once; he catches on immediately.

When an American is told a joke, he doesn't laugh at all; he's heard it before.

Oh, well, you're an American, aren't you?

—"Mis-a-Sip"

sickened feeling somewhere at the pit of his stomach. "Christmas Spirit", he scoffed, and remembered the customers he had so cheerfully served the previous year. He didn't want charity, but those men had so much . . . surely, they could have spared him some small remembrance, so that he could have made his mother's Christmas a more merry one.

Now the snow had formed a soft white blanket on the ground . . . wreaths of holly, tied with big red bows hung from the doors of the

homes Toby passed . . . lights from Christmas trees blinked at him from closed windows . . . the mailman, with his last load of Christmas cards methodically, but hurriedly, went from door to door. Toby turned the last corner that separated him from his modest little house, and he turned on a smile for his mother that would have melted the toughest Scrooge in Hilton.

But what was this? Lights blazed from the windows of his house. Cars lined the curbing and Toby could perceive the multi-colored lights of a Christmas tree gleaming through the downstairs front window. His feet became as light as a single flake of snow, and, with the swiftness of one of Santa's reindeer, he approached his home.

At last, having returned from midnight mass, after having given thanks to God for the goodness of mankind, Toby and his mother prepared to say goodnight to Christmas Eve. Toby's mother came into his room to tuck him snugly into bed. She smiled as she gazed at the sleepy, but twinkling eyes of her son. He returned the smile, as little drops of happiness rolled down his cheeks. Neither spoke, but each knew the other was thinking of the kindness Toby's friends had shown him. It wasn't only the material things that Toby's regular customers had bestowed on him as Christmas gifts—it was the faith that had embodied their act that lived in the minds of Toby and his mother. The surprise Christmas party had been wonderful, but the spirit behind it would live forever. Two people had had their faith renewed. Two people knew that all Christmas symbolized was a living actuality.

The snow continued to fall . . . Christmas came into the town of Hilton once again . . . and somewhere the God of us all smiled at a job well done.

The Woodlands

By

M. TROOP

Eleanor Marston scrambled through the woodlands till she came to the opening which led to the road, and she hurried through the opening . . . to the road which led to her lover. She was happy and carefree—expectant, with the promise of youth. People get married every day of the week, she thought, but next week it'll be Bruce and I.

Each year after their marriage they had come back to Maine for short respites from the stifling heat of New York. Now, at thirty-seven, she and Bruce again returned to the woodlands she loved.

Early the first morning, she slipped into the country clothes so necessary for hiking. Her thoughts were of Bruce as she wended her way through the underbrush. He was well again! The doctor had told her there was nothing to fear now . . . peace and quiet would do the rest. God, but it was good to have that constant, gnawing fear a part of the past . . . the thoughts of losing him had almost driven her crazy. The calm of a vacation was good for them both. Especially here where only happy memories surrounded them.

The morning sun sent speckled rays through the tree-tops, which winked at her as she travelled the familiar paths. "These woodlands," she repeated to herself, "they brought me Bruce; they brought me happiness." Yes, they'd been completely happy, she thought. They'd always been together . . . gardening, working, vacationing . . . And they'd have many more years ahead of them, now that Bruce was well again. He'd been back to work only three weeks, when he suggested their annual 'Woodland trip.' It surprised and pleased her. She thought they'd have to miss this year, despite their lovers'

vow that they'd never miss a summer. "So long as we're alive—and still married," he had impishly added so long ago. He's so sweet, she thought. I love him so very much.

The clean, fresh smell of pine needles drifted to her nostrils, and she realized with a smile that she was approaching her favorite arbour. Soon she'd come to the clearing where their ledge was. She called it Bruce' and hers . . . for it was there they'd planned their future. She remembered their light-hearted laughter that day. How they'd raced through the pines to see who could

An unobtrusive gentleman in the museum was gazing rapturously at a huge oil painting of a shapely girl dressed in only a few strategically arranged leaves. The title of the picture was "Spring."

Suddenly the voice of his wife snapped, "Well, what are you waiting for, autumn?"

—"Froth"

reach the ledge first. The loser had to prepare food for their next picnic. As he scrambled up after her onto the ledge, he had caught her close to him, panting, "Take me, Darling . . . O, Noree, take me instead." She smiled a smile of tenderness. The proposal had needed no verbal answer.

She could see the ledge now, and stopped to look about her. The air was heavy with the sweet, tangy fragrance of blueberries. She had never been upon the rock without Bruce. Why spoil it, she thought. We'll have another picnic here before we leave . . . I'll wait till we are together. She turned and moved hastily back to the inn and her husband.

Each day she and Bruce took longer walks. He was still quiet, but she thought it was a stillness of contentment rather than moroseness. His strength and vigor returned more each day. She was content merely watching this improvement.

Eleanor planned their annual picnic for the day before their departure . . . and soon, too soon, their vacation came to its end. As they trudged through the woodland for their last walk, she looked about somewhat sadly . . . another year would pass before she'd walk these shaded paths once more. . .

As they came upon the clearing, she noticed the blueberry bushes about them, and stopped to gather some berries. She glanced up to see Bruce already on the ledge. She shouted, "'Bout time you beat me, Bruce . . ." and laughed gleefully. "Too bad we haven't time for me to pay the penalty."

She quickly joined him, and he helped her to his side as she raised her arm. He gave her a searching look, "Noree . . ." She smiled and turned directly to him. This was the first time he'd called her that since his illness. "Noree . . ." he repeated.

"Yes, Bruce?"

"Give me something else in payment then . . ."

"Anything to make you happy, Dearest. You know that." She gave him a tender smile. This was the Bruce she loved.

"But it's my freedom I want, Noree." And he seated himself, burying his head in his hands.

Eleanor Horrigan walked slowly and thoughtfully through the woodlands till she came to the opening which led to the road. Absent-mindedly, she trod through the opening . . . to the road which led nowhere.

The Epaulet Introduces . . .

By

GRACE MYRICK

Ada Dodrill, Nancy Lee Fox, and Mary Washington girls with stories to tell.

Ada Dodrill, a tall, dark-haired freshman from Larchmont, N. Y., whom most of you remember for her dance interpretation of "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue" in chapel not long ago, danced with the Russian American Ballet at the Metropolitan Opera House last year. Among the performances given were *Cavalleria Rusticana*, *The Coptiella Ballet*, and *The Merry Widow*.

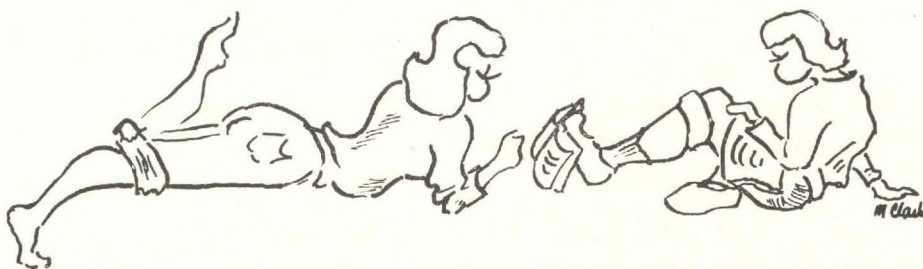
Interested in dancing since she was four and a half years old, Ada was in charge of choreography in high school. She headed an ensemble of twelve girls who performed shows throughout her county. Among them were a small edition of "High Button Shoes," "Unfinished Symphony," and the "Swan Lake Ballet." Ada also worked with the American Ballet School, the Russian Chorus, and was in several shows at the Central Opera House in New York. Her brother, a medical student at Columbia, has performed on the stage also. They had an offer as a team to tour the United States giving shows at various colleges.

Ada, head majorette in high school, is in the color guard of the band, a choreography director for the Y Benefit, and is taking modern dance, so you'll be seeing her.

Nancy Lee Fox, a curly-headed blonde and president of Terrapin Club last year, has spent the past three summers as an aquacade performer at Jones Beach on Long Island. Lee is one of the youngest members of a group of professional swimmers who are picked each year on a competitive basis. Each year twelve top swimmers are chosen as a result of tryouts. The beach is run

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Reading for Pleasure . . .



The Sullivan County Sketches

By

JENNY SOMMERS

Stephen Crane died at the turn of the century at the untimely age of thirty, an unfortunate circumstance for us since we have so little of the literature that he probably would have produced if he had lived longer. You probably know him best for his book, *The Red Badge of Courage*. I found another little volume by him in our library about the experiences of four men and the outdoor tales they lived, undoubtedly inspired by the realistic stories of Mark Twain. Critics tell us that these stories are not Stephen Crane's best work, but they certainly do make entertaining reading.

Mr. Crane himself says, "How I wish I had dropped them into the wastebasket! They weren't good for anything, and I am heartily ashamed of them now, but every little while someone rakes them up and tells me how much pleasure he had from reading them—throws them in my face out of compliment." These little stories were first published in the Sunday supplement of the *New York Tribune*. For them he was paid the regular space-rate of six dollars a column. A very small fee, I think, to pay for the launching of a new American literary genius. Ten of them have been compiled and edited for us by Melvin Schoberlin and picturesquely illustrated by George Vander Sluis in this book.

The titles, *The Octopush*, *An Explosion of Seven Babies*, *A Tent In Agony*, and *The Mesmeric Mountain*, to name a few, are enough to

make you want to read what he has to say about such weird goings-on. This man has a marvelous talent with descriptive words. He loves dismal surroundings full of gray, black, red, yellow, and brown colors. The four men of his stories romp through all sorts of improbable situations that would scare most normal human beings out of their wits. While I was reading the tales, I kept wondering how one little county could contain so many fantastic peoples and happenings. The whole collection is a wonderful picture of Americana, full of wit and tall tale telling that only a few authors have been able to achieve.

The Little Man, the Pudgy Man, the Tall Man, and the Quiet Man (Stephen Crane himself) seem to be a group of very close companions who are hunting, fishing, and exploring in Sullivan County, New Jersey. They manage to encounter a mad hermit who plays solitary poker in a cave, a drunk guide who thinks that a tree stump is an octopuss, two men who can't work an arithmetic problem, a black dog that tells of death, seven little Negro babies who ate some flypaper, and a mountain that moves around. The Little Man seems to get into the most trouble, and he is constantly antagonized by the Pudgy Man. The Tall Man and the Quiet Man just seem to be extra baggage—the stories could have done well without them. I think that you will find the book well worth reading.

"When I Was Sick and Lay Abed..."

By

BARBARA BAUTE

With a reluctant shiver the last yellow leaf relinquished its hold on the naked branch and drifted noiselessly to the growing pile under the tree. Bobby, perched on a pillow in the window seat with an open but neglected book on his lap, shuddered involuntarily as the wind hooted around the corner scaring the first flakes of snow to a melted oblivion on the window pane.

Suddenly the fragile silence was shattered by a little boy's healthy shout as Pete and Hugo, his spotted puppy, bounded into the yard.

"Hi Bobby," called Pete, as he tossed a handful of the yellow leaves at Hugo and the two began to roll and scuffle playfully in the golden pile. Bobby sat tense and eager, and then relaxed again, a wistful smile crossing his thin delicate features.

It had been three months since Bobby had been allowed to go out and play, three long months since the fever had left his body and the pain had gone from his swollen joints. "Rest and quiet"—How he hated that phrase heard so often. Bobby, a victim of Rheumatic Fever at the age of ten, was too young to understand.

But we are *not* too young, and as future mothers and teachers, it is our duty to know and understand the awful meaning of these two words.

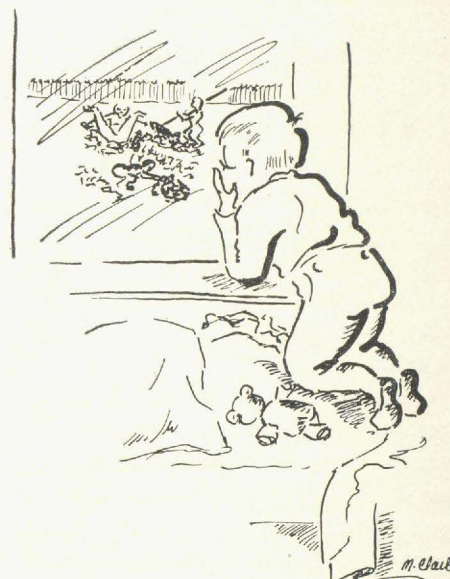
Rheumatic Fever—childhood's number one enemy—leads all other diseases as the cause of death in school children and in young adults to the age of nineteen. It may shock you to know that it affects fifty times as many children as Infantile Paralysis. Although preponderately it attacks children between the ages of five and fifteen, during the war more than forty thousand men in the service suffered from definitely diagnosed Rheumatic Fever, and there were thousands more in whom the disease was mild enough to escape detection. The disease occurs with greater fre-

quency among the poor and underprivileged but is not prejudiced, attacking with equal vigor the wealthy, protected child.

Ordinarily Rheumatic Fever is an acute disease characterized by fever, pain in the joints—thus the name "rheumatic", and swelling that travels from joint to joint. It usually begins suddenly two to four weeks after a respiratory illness but may vary considerably. It may be insidious and mild, or the onset may be a sudden overwhelming illness that prostrates the patient with a high fever and inflamed joints. The pain may be excruciation and the joints very tender, but on the other hand, the symptoms may be so vague as to be ignored by a busy mother.

The heart is affected in almost every case to some extent, and although the majority of the cases recover, the heart may be left partly crippled. Extensive inflammation of the heart leads to the scarring of the valves which produces a permanent deformity. When this occurs we have Rheumatic heart disease in the chronic stage. Rheumatic Fever tends to be recurrent, each attack enormously increasing the probability of another, and adding further damage to an already weakened heart. Not all who contract Rheumatic Fever have sufficient inflammation of the heart to scar the valves and cause permanent damage. These often recover so completely that it is impossible to find any evidence of previous Rheumatic Fever. However, the heart may be damaged even though the joint pains are very mild. Heart disease positively caused by Rheumatic Fever has been found in patients who could not recollect even the barest symptoms of the disease. Rheumatic pains and aches are often passed over as "growing pains" because of the mother's ignorance of their potential danger.

There is no known single factor which can be identified as the direct



cause of Rheumatic Fever. The disease tends to follow respiratory infections caused by a group A hemolytic streptococcus. During the war large epidemics of streptococcal infection were followed almost in direct ratio with epidemics of Rheumatic Fever. This was true, however, only in certain geographical areas.

In general the Rocky Mountain area, the Mid-west and Great Lakes area, and New England show the highest incidence, while the lowest is along the southern border. To those living in damp, unsettled climates and crowded cities it presents the most serious threat. It is not known whether these meteorological factors alter the individuals susceptibility or the character and virulence of the infecting streptococcus.

There is some evidence to suggest that susceptibility is hereditary and other indicates that it is of the same type experienced with Tuberculosis and other diseases not based on true hereditary factors. This means that a predisposition to the disease might be inherited in the form of slightly weakened muscles and tissues, normal in every obvious respect but not strong enough to withstand the rigorous attack of the streptococcus infection.

Poor housing conditions, crowding, inadequate warmth, insufficient ventilation and heating of homes, workshops, and schools also aid in susceptibility.

Just as there is no one specific

cause of Rheumatic Fever, also there is no known cure. Sulfonamides and penicillin, effective in curing ordinary streptococcic diseases such as Septic Sore Throat and Sacralet Fever, are worthless for an acute attack of Rheumatic Fever. The essential treatment is still the administration of salicylates, rest, and good nutrition. Because the disease may continue to affect the heart for some time after the obvious symptoms are gone, complete bed rest is essential to spare the heart any unnecessary work. Convalescence is long and drawn out and a mother's biggest problem is usually to keep her child content to stay in bed when he doesn't feel sick, especially when healthy children are around to excite and distract him. It is at such a time that an intelligent, understanding, and cooperative mother is so vital to her child.

Convalescent homes, sanitariums, or institutions devoted to the care of Rheumatic Fever victims are often the best places for convalescence since they administer proper nursing, medical, and educational care to stricken children. However, there is an appalling lack of beds for such care.

Studies made on the effects of various drugs and vaccines as preventatives have proved futile, but sulfonamides have been used on patients who have had one attack or more in an attempt to prevent others with moderate success. This is not the answer however, since epidemics of streptococcic diseases have been observed that are sulfa-resistant, that is, the disease does not respond to treatment by sulfonamides nor is prevented by sulfonamide prophylaxis.

At present, an educated public is the best practical prevention. An informed mother and observant school teacher will be suspicious before the symptoms become generally obvious, and early recognition is vitally important if permanent heart damage is to be avoided. Relapses can be prevented in the same way. The parent must observe the child continuously after the disease has been cured so as

(Continued on page 11)

Will You Turn With the Century?

By

JOAN G. DIEHL

"And now the New Year . . .
Reviving old desires,
The thoughtful soul
In solitude retires."

Omar Khayyam

Strike off another half-a-hundred years! Crowd your desk with a new calendar! Ring Father Time away in humility! Bring in the infant year with hopeful hilarity and a champagne toast! The century turns, but will we be turning with it? Will a better people be born anew in us?

Let us retire in solitude and look back for a while — look back and weigh the worthiness of our pasts. Benefit by its mistakes . . . then discard what we find in dissatisfaction. From this day forward is all that matters. Let us hitch our wagons to a star, and we may reach the moon; be content with mediocrity, and the wheels stop — the ultimate fulfillment of life comes to a standstill. But where shall we find the finest possible fulfillment of life?

From this day forward . . . let us first resolve to have unswerving faith in God. Whatever form our God may take or whatever religious affiliation we may choose does not matter. Neither does it matter if our God is a personal symbol for our individual conception of the good life. All that matters is that we are consistent in our belief . . . never doubting, never fearing. Accept His judgment without bitterness, without question . . . for He is the Chief Justice in the Supreme Court of the World. But before God's final decision takes over, it is up to each individual to make the most of his potentialities and to contribute to a more tolerant, more understanding world of tomorrow. Let's do our best to radiate a warmth of goodness . . . and then have faith!

From this day forward . . . let us resolve to place our love and trust

in humanity. To fully love anyone is impossible unless we first entrust that person with the power to hurt us. In nine cases out of ten, this power will be cherished, not misused. If we forget ourselves and concentrate on others, we shall soon find that making others happy is the key to our own happiness. Be sincere in our interest in others! If someone appears unpleasant at first, dig deeper, and often we surprisingly find the visual side to be quite contrary to the intrinsic nature of that person. Where could we find a better place than college to exercise tolerance and develop love for our neighbor? Let us make the most of it!

From this day forward . . . let us resolve to appreciate our presence here on earth, wherever it may be. "Every place that the eye of heaven visits is to a wise man a port and a happy haven." Let us feel humility . . . not the humility of inferiority, but the humility that accompanies deep reverence . . . for all that which God has created. Let us realize how fortunate we are to be sound in body and in mind. This alone is enough to make the smallest complaint unjustifiable! Let us thank God for the eyes he gave us to drink in the beauty of nature . . . for the ears to embrace the natural and man-made joys of music. Let us appreciate how fortunate we are to be going to college . . . to be offered a wealth of knowledge that will open new horizons of understanding, new reflections, new ideals. And let this knowledge be a mere foundation for an ever-present desire to learn. Let it make us better people!

From this day forward . . . let us resolve to direct our sense of values along the right road, emphasizing the spiritual, not the material, life. For only in our minds can we find the true fulfillment of life and conquest of happiness.

Exchanging Jokes



With

MARGIE LOU CROSS

Could they mean M. W. C.?

Virginia Coed: "I'm not asking anything for myself, God, but please send my mother a son-in-law."

—"Spectator"

A young theologian named Fiddle Refused to accept his degree.

"Tis bad enough to be Fiddle, But it's worse to be Fiddle, D.D."

—"Sundial"

"Women, generally speaking, are generally speaking.

—"Spectator"

Mrs. Fizzle (to bridge expert): "In the same circumstances, how would you have played the hand?"

Bridge Expert: "Under an assumed name, Ma'am."

—"Sea"

Don't be too hard on the pessimist, he might have gotten that way by backing an optimist.

—"Herald and Democrat,"

Siloam Sprinks, Ark.

Here's to the economics majors—

An economic expert is a guy who knows tomorrow why the things he said yesterday didn't happen today.

—"The Philadelphia Inquirer,"

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

How many magazines does it take to fill a baby carriage?

One Mademoiselle, one Country Gentleman, a Look, a few Liberties, and Time.

—"Froth"

History of a joke.

Birth: A freshman thinks it up and chuckes with glee, waking up two fraternity men in the back row.

Age five minutes: Freshman tells it to senior who answers, "Yeah, it's funny, but I've heard it before."

Age 1 day: Senior turns it into the college humor rag.

Age 10 days: Editor has to fill magazine, prints joke.

Age 1 month: Thirteen college comics reprint joke.

Age three years: Yale Record reprints joke as original.

Age three years, one month: College Humor reprints joke crediting it to the Record.

Age 10 years: 76 radio comedians discover joke simultaneously, tell it accompanied by howls of mirth from boys in the orchestra.

Age 20 years: Joke is reprinted in Reader's Digest.

Age about 100 years: Professors start telling it in class.

Age 110 years: Printed in college humor magazine.

—"Froth"

Ah, yes! Dear old U. Va.

Maconite: "Before I decide to come up, do you all drink anything at school?"

Wahoo: "Anything!"

—"Spectator"

Overheard: She's been to Reno so often, she's a little swap-worn.

—"Froth"

A good way to widen out the old straight and narrow path would be for more folks to walk on it.

—"Times," Harlowtown, Montana

They say that the reason more people are killed in auto accidents than in train wrecks is because of the fact that the engineer never tries to hug the fireman.

—"Sentinel," Bells, Tennessee

How true, how true!!

Student A: Where are you going in such a hurry with that textbook?

Student B: I just bought it and I'm trying to get it to class before it goes out of date.

—"Froth"

We understand there's a Republican who has been in politics so long he knows what the inside of the White House looks like.

—"Chicago Daily Tribune,"

Chicago, Illinois

Do you have this trouble?

Quiet Student: "Something came into my mind just now and went away again."

Bored Roommate: "Perhaps it was lonely."

—"The Syracusan"

It can happen to you!

Clerk: "Here's a pretty card with lovely sentiment: 'To the only girl I ever loved.'"

K. A.: "That's fine . . . give me a dozen."

—"Urchin"

"If there be anyone in the congregation who likes sin let him stand up. What's this, Sister Virginia, you like sin?"

"Oh, pardon me, I thought you said gin."

—"Pelican"

Our apologies to the grammarians—

A thief, questioned in regard to his reasons for pilfering a priceless volume of Keats from a London museum, replied with great emotion, "A thing of booty is a joy forever."

—"Spectator"

Definition of a pink elephant: A beast of bourbon.

—"The Log"

Holiday on Skis!

By

PATRICIA MATHEWS

The man beside me swings his arms forward and backward in a slow rhythmic fashion, occasionally bringing his straightened arms together to pound one wrist against the other. Restlessly, he shifts from right to left, picking one foot up each time to give it a violent snap as if to shake the blood down to the very tips of his toes. I cannot see his face for the heavily furred racoon hat, but there are little nodules of ice on the very tips of the longest hairs where the warm breath has frozen. Now he raises one heavily mittened hand and motions me forward. Encumbered under the weight of a large blanket, I maneuver into the correct position on the ramp. In a moment I am scooped off the

ground. When the first violent shakes of the operation have subsided, I find myself again on the pleasant journey aboard the chair lift which ascends the steep slopes of lofty Mt. Mansfield in Stowe, Vt.

Ahead of me the towers which support the cable step in orderly precision up the steep slopes to disappear in a heavy cloud that clings to the top of the mountain. The snow beneath me is soft and deep, broken occasionally by the tracks of a lone skier or the delicate patterns of footprints of some animal, perhaps scurrying from the unfamiliar shouts and antics of a skier. The stillness of the forest is punctured only by the infrequent snap of an ice bound tree or the soft swish of a pine limb as it

releases its heavy burden of snow.

It has not been many years that this mountain has entertained such a host of skiers. Fundamentally, it is a confusing sport. This business of riding to the top of a mountain only to take the most dangerous mode of conveyance down—a pair of parallel boards turned up at the tips and called skis!

What is it that makes a man want to ski? Is it a challenge? To pit oneself against the most adverse of conditions, wind, snow, rain, ice and cold, is not palatable to many. Or to come clattering across an icy spot and crouch into a turn, desperately trying to dig the metal edges into the ice in an attempt to come to a stop; missing by inches a seemingly innocent snowbank that drops many feet to a rockbound stream below. Or is it an escape? In the tranquility of the woods there is time to think and the horizons entertain not only the eye, but the mind as well. Whatever it is, once there is the taste of the exhilarating freedom that comes as one soars down a broad snowfield, crouching low to swing into a turn or pointing the tips downward and riding with the wind, there is no return.

And now the edges of the cloud swirl out to envelope me, and I take a last look at the broad expanse of valley below me. The deep cut in the mountains which is Smugglers Notch is slowly obscured from my view. In the thick fog, the only visible objects are the icy tentacles of the gnarled pines, which the constant mountain winds have wrought into such grotesque shapes. There is nothing but the snow and the whiteness of the cloud and the cold. In a moment I will arrive, and there is warmth in the delicious anticipation of a fireside and a hot cup of coffee before I start my journey down a two mile trail that slithers its way through the pine forests to the valley.



I've kept every one of his letters.

Thank you, Macon.

Clerk: "Shopping bags?"

Girls: "No, just looking."

—"Yellow Jacket"

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Small Talk

By

BUNNY BUNNELL

A minute, lively and toothless old colored woman presides over the kitchen at Kenmore. While you serve tea, she chatters steadily about the various curiosities of the kitchen and slips you extra portions of gingerbread. To her, you are "Miss Mary Washington" and to you, she will seem a Reader's Digest "unforgettable character."

Now that Campus Chest Drive is over, we settle back into our comfortable book-lined rut. Over a pair of needles or a pack of cards the rest of the world is forgotten. Five cents a month from each member of the student body would send seven CARE boxes overseas.

Many have commented on the impressiveness of Trinkle Library at night. Have you ever stopped and looked across Tri-Unit circle to Chandler Hall? One of the loveliest sights on campus is the yellow disk of Chandler Clock glimpsed through trees.

Vassar claimed superiority, but no more—we, too, have a football team.

M. W. C'ers have a way of spending four years in Fredericksburg and never seeing more of it than Kishpaugh's, the Dime Store and the A. and P. Put aside a Sunday afternoon for a walk down the hill. You will find unexpectedly old houses, and gardens out of a story book. And keep an eye out for a rotund and jolly policeman who resembles a department store Santa Claus—minus the beard. He can give you the houses' history and rattle the skeletons in the various family closets. A very pleasant way to get a history lesson, a touch of warm friendliness, and a memory for your mental scrapbook.

As viewed from a second-story window:

Two colored cab drivers toss a coin to while away the time. A band

member in blue and white lugs an instrument towards Tri-Unit. An already bulging station wagon takes on even more would-be equestriennes. Raincoats (over bluejeans?) or the usual sweater and skirt go to and from the P.O. mingling with the high heels, suits and hats that are scrambling for cabs. "Have a wonderful time" . . . "You look marvelous" . . . "Got a letter from Johnny at last!" . . . "Not this week-end, no money" . . . "Oh, let's go, she can get another cab." A professor strides purposefully around the corner and heads for his car—evidently not a member of the C Shoppe Luncheon Club. The roommate, who is staying here, drags a heavy suitcase down the walk. Two vets climb out of a convertible and walk composedly through the throng. Excited women are an everyday matter. A departing taxi barely misses a dog that suddenly appears around the gate post. The bus, loading on College Avenue, pulls out for Charlottesville. 1:30 and comparative peace descends. The week-end exodus is over.

THE EPAULET INTRODUCES

(Continued from page 5)

by the state and shows are given six nights a week during the summer. Highlights among last season's performances were a show for Governor Dewey on the twentieth anniversary of the beach and a performance with Virginia Mayo for the movie premiere of "The Girl from Jones Beach." There were different shows performed each week and Nancy spent two hours every day working on the precision of unusual strokes. Nancy hopes to return to the show next summer for a fourth successful season.

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SURVEY OF A SALOON

(Continued from page 1)

even give me a high sign when I see him on the street. And do you know why; 'cause he had money . . . money to go to school and read and he learnt how to write and now, do you know what, Mister, he's the senator of this here state, and I knowed him when we was kids! So it all goes to show ya—if you have money, you're in. And if not, well—you might as well come and bunk with me! Now I ain't complainin' . . ."

I let my mind wander from this one sided conversation to his features. They had once been very definite but the effect now was one cream puff, and that distorted out of shape. He leaned over close to me often . . . his breath was bad, perhaps from onion or garlic—and his teeth were green from tobacco and abuse. His talk was lively at times—a few jokes were scattered here and there—some company jokes but most of them not.

The Colonel had had a gay life from his tales—always full of the old nick and ready for a challenge at any time. But as he grew older, his eyesight began to fail and his mind grew narrowed and full of self pity. He was greeted with disgust at his untidyness and, undoubtedly, as he put it—"times has changed."

In his day he might have been looked on as quite the character or town Joe, but his day, as is everyone's, was in his youth. The world has no use for age when it affects the spirit and moods of a person. The dependents must step aside for the independents and condition themselves accordingly. The mental struggle was too much for the old man; from a dashing, admired Colonel, to a misunderstood bum, was quite a change. He longed for friendship, someone to whom he could talk and exchange his warped ideas—this impossible, he drowned his life in a common denominator for his kind: alcohol.

"I—I've got to go," he stood up abruptly, knocking the straight-backed chair over as he did—"It's

"WHEN I WAS SICK AND LAY ABED . . ."

(Continued from page 7)

to know just when recurrences may develop.

Finally, as in Bobby's case, where the heart has been damaged severely the child will have to build a new way of living. He will need help and understanding when it comes to learning to be adequate and to be happy with limited physical capacity. If you understand his limitations, if you realize that he feels well, and is too young to appreciate the necessity of restraint, you will be in a better position to assist him in making good adjustments.

On the international side—

If those of us who think Stalin has no business in Europe can't convict him of vagrancy, maybe we can stick him for overtime parking.

—"Budget News,"

Revere, Massachusetts

been nice to meetcha, son, nice to meetcha—but it's late and I have an appointment."

I secretly wondered what type of appointment he could have at this hour, but bade him goodnight without question.

The thought struck me it might be dawn time so I reached into my pocket for my watch—But to my utter amazement, it was gone: I fumbled for my billfold . . . nothing. And as I watched the old man totter off into the distance, I saw a small, flashing object in his hand. I raced to the door, but it was too late. The fog had enveloped him and he was as gone as my watch and money were.

The dependent must step aside for the independent—I made a curt bow and retired to my booth for a cigarette.

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"Cathy's Comments"

RAY KAPAZOLA

Here's what you've been waiting for—a chance to ask your questions and make your claims and complaints about music in general. With no claim to possessing the ultimate in musical knowledge, I would like to try to enlighten those lost in the confusion of Dixieland, Bop, and Progressive Jazz; to help them understand the whys, wherefores, and so-called "noise" it produces.

This is something *everyone* would like to know! *Metronome* conducted their annual poll a little differently this year. The favorites were voted upon, and the bands, singers, songs,

etc. competed for the first place for all time to determine the greatest in jazz regardless of age, model, or style.

Voted first place is an orchestra that has been popular for many, many years. Best Big Band was Duke Ellington's who nosed out Stan Kenton in a split-hair finish, followed by Woody Herman who took third.

For the All Time Best of small bands, the old favorite, Benny Goodman came through, with Charlie Ventura's Combo following closely. And strangely enough King Cole was only third!

The moderns took over most of the honors, except for instrumentalist in which Bennie Goodman and Louis Armstrong were tops. As for records, "I Can't Get Started" by Bunny Berigan surprised everyone with its overwhelming victory, and was trailed by Benny Goodman's (BG seems to be right in there) "Sing, Sing, Sing." My boy—Frank Sinatra came in third with "Old Man River," the song everyone loves, ("Iowa" should hear that) followed by Woody Herman's "Bijou." The moderns come up from fifth on with the "new Woody's" best in the progressive vein, "Summer Sequence," and my man Stan's "Artistry In Rhythm."

Frankie also hit third for the best male singer in which Billy E. nosed out the one who probably deserved it—"Der Bingle."

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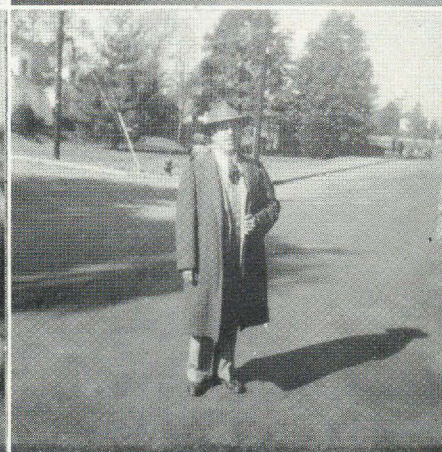
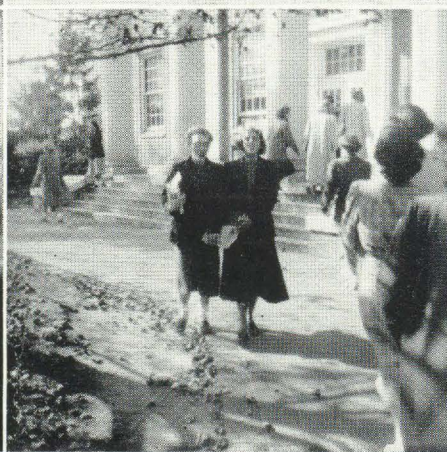
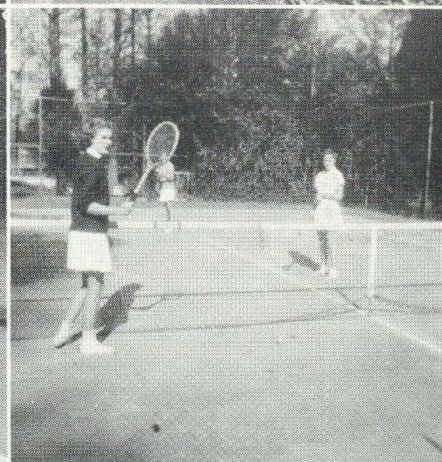
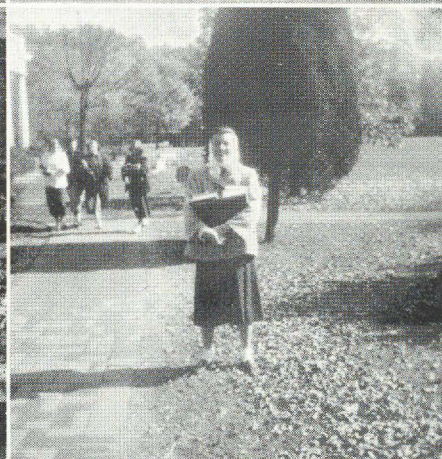
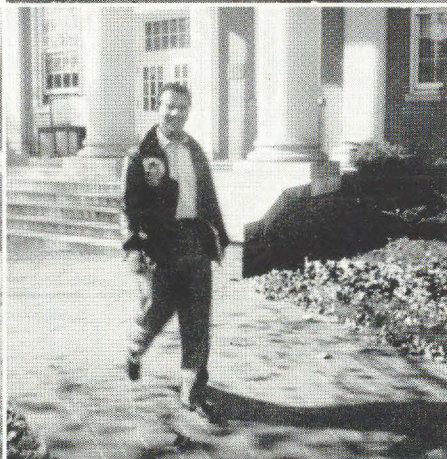
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